

## POMONA GRANGE.

REMARKS OF HUGO G. SHERIDAN, BEFORE THE ABOVE BODY.

Remarks made before the Pomona Grange at its last session, by report of Messrs. Harpin Riggs and W. T. Muller, committee of the Grange.

I had hoped that the unfavorable weather and the evening hour would excuse the remarks intended for this occasion, but at your call I obey leaving the crude thoughts, scattering thrown out to be collected and appropriated as you may deem best.

This gathering of the farmers with their wives from the different sections of the county is one of the best features of the Grange system, giving an opportunity for a free exchange of thought, a community of interest and a sociability, the perfection of which is manifest in the gathering about the board as witnessed but an hour since. No where else, or under any other influences could so much enjoyment be had or so much of human virtue be displayed by the members of a community than within the walls of a Grange room, or under the influences brought to bear upon our conduct by the Grange system. Other gatherings and festivals, while they are enjoyable and profitable in a high degree, lack that organized community of interest which is so prominently a feature in this system. There the taller and unscrupulous have every opportunity to magnify a fault or defame a virtue; here we are taught to love a neighbor with all his faults and upon the principle of candor to correct his errors; there the unprincipled, unwhipped save by conscience, can appropriate the contributions of a friend to his own selfish enjoyment, here the principle of honor controls the social board securing the pleasures of the festival alike to rich and poor; there the visitor listens to hear and goes away to criticize, but here instruction is given and knowledge acquired to the mutual improvement of the lowest as well as the high member. Indeed so pure are the motives and so powerful are the influences for good that every man and woman ought to become a Granger, if for no other purpose than to give and to receive information and instruction by the conventionalities of society to enjoy the sociability of these festive occasions.

By a candid exchange of thought, schemes might be devised and plans put in execution which would make the Granger independent of the world and unaffected by the depressing changes incident upon what is familiarly known as hard times. Organization in farming is the same as any other vocation and will result as certainly in ultimate success here as elsewhere. In a farming community there is no need for hard times. Your profession is a quiet and peaceful one, and these two qualities alone are the firmest foundation upon which material prosperity may be built. The vicissitudes of trade and the hazard of speculation find no place in a farmer's life, but its earnest pursuit and its gradual gain must and will accumulate a fortune to reward his labor. There are but few legitimate causes to produce hard times with a skilled and industrious farmer. War may devastate his country, lay his home in ruins and blight his fields, entailing upon him all the baleful effects of hard times. Of this cause we have had a sad experience resulting in debts that have crippled the farmer in his operations and almost indefinitely prolonged the season of returning prosperity. The thousands of dollars, actual working capital, which were destroyed as a measure of war, the thousands as a necessity of war, and still the thousands more expended in building up the burned homes and wasted fields, impoverished the farmer by forcing him to accumulate debts from which he has never been able to extricate himself. A general failure of crops throughout a large scope of territory may bring suffering and even pestilence, ten fold more disastrous than the worst phase of hard times. Of this cause we have had no experience. Our fields have yielded abundantly of the best crops planted. Our labors have been rewarded, not in dollars it may be, but in bales of fleecy cotton. Indeed, so prolific has been the fruitage that the cotton crop has exhibited the marvelous increase from three and a half millions to more than five million bales in a little more than half a score of years. The cotton

fields have swallowed the corn, the wheat and the rice fields, have trespassed unwarrantably upon the potato and oat patches and have even dared to enter upon the well fortified grounds of Madam's vegetable garden. The face of the earth in many sections shows broad acres of cotton and narrow strips of corn; huge gin-houses with costly machinery attached, and small corn cribs with delapidated stock houses and lean work animals. The whole presenting the appearance of a country that raises but a single crop from which is to be subsisted the entire life of the farm and cancel an enormous tax and debt besides.

If there be an impossibility in the scientific world, I can conceive of nothing more deservingly entitled to the name than the power of an expensive crop like cotton, selling at a low price, to meet the demands of a tax and debt burdened community. It must result eventually in all the disappointments and suffering of hard times. In Europe where a single crop is raised, a failure is disastrous, and if there be repeated failures, untold suffering among the laboring classes must result, and rebound at last upon the other industries involving the whole population in a common ruin by unsettling values and forcing money holders to coffer the currency. Such seems to be very nearly the condition of a portion of that country at the present time. It ought not to be so in a country like ours where every conceivable crop may be raised to make the farmer independent of the outside world, but with the cotton crop absorbing all others the farmer has reversed the natural order of things and makes himself a buyer instead of a seller—begging a price for his produce instead of demanding it. The result of this is, the cotton planter buys his corn from Illinois instead of producing it in his own field, buys his bacon from Kentucky instead of raising it in his own pastures, buys his sugar and syrup from Cuba instead of boiling it on his own premises, buys his teas from China instead of cultivating it in his own gardens, buys his shoddy, silks and calicos from Yankeeedom instead of manufacturing it in his own country of his own cotton, buys his wagons and buggies from Cincinnati instead of from Doyle, Riggs or Wiles. Indeed every dollar his labor produces is sent abroad to support and enrich other lands and people and to impoverish his own. No wonder debts accumulate and the cry of hard times is heard in the land.

There is something radically wrong here to be corrected by other lessons of a more bitter experience than the past has been. With such a climate, country and soil as this, with such intelligence to control them and such energy to utilize them as we possess every farmer ought to be a banker with his barns and pastures as banks and his produce and animals his stock in trade, a capital that would not be liable to the fluctuations of currency or trade, and that would bid defiance to the depressions of the market.

For a nation to grow rich it must export more perishable values than it imports, so if a farmer he must sell more than he buys, he must produce more than he consumes and what he buys, buy at home. If you wish to drive the cry of hard times out of the land and court the presence of the Goddess of Peace and Plenty let our farmers become home sellers, not foreign buyers.

## A Love Story.

A will, revealing among other things glimpses of a love story, has gone to probate in Erie County, Pa. It consists simply of a letter from the dead man to his brother. He had a sweetheart named "Sussey," but Sussey used to be seen now and then with a nother fellow, whom the jealous lover describes as "that galent." "If I find Sussey with that galent of hers," he writes, "I swear by the halter that shall hang me she shall never enjoy it." The letter proceeds with: "Give my love to Lidey W—," who was neither his sister nor his cousin, but apparently another sweetheart. Indeed, he seems to have had many a sweetheart, for he adds carelessly, "and all the rest." But "Sussey" was best loved, for he concludes with saying: "Ma the Lord bless you all, and pardon the deeds I have in contemplation."

## THE METHODISTS.

AN INTERESTING RESUME OF THE WORK DONE BY THE CHURCH LAST YEAR.

At the late meeting of the South Carolina Conference in Newberry very full and satisfactory reports were sent up by all the churches under its ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The financial standing of the different congregations, which is the proper test of christian charity, is much more favorable than for several years, the total collections within the bounds of the conference footing up an increase of more than fifteen thousand dollars over the collections of last year.

We give the aggregate financial standing of each District for the year, stating only the actual collections made. In these figures are included the following items: Pastor's Salary, Presiding Elder's Salary, Conference collections (which goes to the Superannuated preachers and the widows and orphans of preachers who have died,) Mission, foreign and domestic, Education, Bishops' fund, publication of Minutes, candidates for the Ministry, Sunday Schools, Buildings and repairs and other benevolent purposes.

Charleston District.....	\$18,015.32
Orangeburg District.....	12,381.16
Columbia District.....	22,861.57
Sumter District.....	11,818.11
Florence District.....	10,288.65
Marion District.....	15,577.13
Spartanburg District.....	12,026.45
Cokesbury District.....	13,225.56
Greenville District.....	12,423.34

Total.....\$127,815.23  
In 1877 it was.....111,983.40

Increase.....\$15,831.83

The total collections of this year for the various purposes above named were as follows:

Pastors' salary.....	\$64,505.33
Presiding Elders' salary.....	8,655.74
Conference Collections.....	3,765.36
Foreign Missions.....	2,471.42
Domestic Missions.....	3,723.31
Education.....	1,923.42
Bishops' Fund.....	772.38
Publication of Minutes.....	324.68
Candidates for Ministry.....	111.81
Sunday Schools.....	3,739.07
Other Benevolent purposes	7,715.84

Columbia District paid most for building and repairs, \$6,929.84; Florence District, least, \$1,139.30. Charleston District paid most for the Pastors and Assistants' Salaries, \$9,009.55; Greenville District, least, \$5,373.70. The average salary paid was \$116.16—the largest by Bethel church in Charleston—\$1,500. The Presiding Elders averaged \$1,183.67. The S. C. Conference contains 41,291 members; 155 traveling preachers; 222 local preachers. 559 churches—value, \$515,144.81; — parsonages—\$92,675; college and school buildings to the value of \$93,765.

## All Prospering but Elizabeth.

Mr. Beecher received 1,300 calls yesterday—300 more than last year; whose new year fell on a much pleasanter day. It speaks volumes for the affectionate fidelity of the human heart that so many good men and women have followed him up and down the ragged edge of despair, lived with him in the cave of gloom, seen him on his knees before Theodore Tilton, and read his passionate self-accusation without losing confidence in him. But Frank Moulton is popular with his friends, too. I saw him a moment yesterday making calls, red-headed, breezy, agreeable as ever, and he is getting rich; and Mrs. Moulton, that "slice of the Day of Judgment," is the centre of a large and admiring social circle; and Tilton lectures to big audiences; and Bowen's Independent stands at the head of religious newspapers; and Leonard Bacon, the Mephistopheles of the whole affair, flourishes in New Haven. So, hurrah for everybody!—ah, everybody, if you please, except the poor woman who, whatever the facts, was the victim of the tragedy; who lives in the depths of woe, deserted by Mr. Beecher and repudiated by the Plymouth Church, which at first supported her, fed by the temptations hand of charity extended by him who was once her husband. It is pitiful!—New York Letter.

A young man who gets a subordinate situation sometimes thinks it not necessary to give it much attention. He will wait until he gets a place of responsibility, and then he will show people what he can do. This is a great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully.

## Remarkable Masonic Incident.

When we consider the great passion that sailors have for tattooing themselves, we can in a measure understand the following account, which we call from the pages of the Canadian Craftsman.

In speaking of the first Masonic funeral that ever was solemnized in California, it is stated that the body was washed up in the bay of San Francisco in 1810, and that upon the person of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mason, on which was engraved the initials of his name. On further investigation the most singular exhibitions of Masonic emblems ever drawn upon the human skin was revealed. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red and blue ink, appeared all the emblems of an Entered Apprentice. There was the Holy Bible, the square and compass, the twenty-four inch gauge, and common gavel. There was also the Masonic pavement representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple; the intended lesson which surrounded it, and the blazing star in the centre. On his left arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquid, were the emblems pertaining to the Fellowcraft Degree, viz: square, the level, and the plumb. There were also the five orders of architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite. On removing the garment from the body, the trowel presented itself, with all the other tools of operative Masonry. Over his heart was the pot of incense.

On the other parts of his body were the beehive, the "Book of Constitutions" guarded by a Tyler's sword pointing to a naked heart, the All-Seeing Eye, the anchor and ark, the hour-glass, the scythe, the forty-second problem of Euclid, the sun, moon, stars, and comet, these steps emblematic of youth, manhood, and age. Admiringly executed was a weeping virgin reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the "Book of Constitutions." In her left hand she held the pot of incense, the Masonic emblem of immortality of the soul. Immediately beneath her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side which cuts the brittle thread of life, and the hour-glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that our lives are withering away. The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were placed among the long and graceful flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. From this description we can well see the grandeur of the conception which blended the emblems of mortality in one picture, and that the execution was quite equal to the conception. Probably never before was such a picture beheld, and possibly never will again. We are also told that the brother's name was never known.

## The Mother-in-Law.

This paper is the only one that has ever taken up the cause of the mother-in-law. And yet there are demented persons who say we make game of women. The mother-in-law feels herself under everlasting obligations to the son-in-law for marrying her daughter. This having been the object of her life, and she having been racked with hopes and fears ever since her daughter came into her teens, lest the marketable time might slip by, she feels that she can never repay the man who came to her deliverance. She becomes a devotee to him. She coddles him with warm slippers and wadded dressing gown, and with hot drinks when he has a cold. She multiplies her attentions when "important business" has kept him out late at night, and fears that his devotion to business will wear upon him. She finds out the dishes that tickle his appetite, and makes them with her own hands. With her he has two worshippers at home. She encourages him to smoke. She smiles on his bachelor friends. When his breath smells of spirits on his late returns, she knows that it was to brace himself up after the fatigue of business. She makes her daughter cheerful while he is at the club or other places. She minds the baby while they go to entertainments, and never wants to go. She praises him to all as the best of husbands. She continually enjoins upon her daughter that she can never be thankful enough. She is a constant sunbeam in the household, which makes marriage without a mother-in-law but half what it should be.—Cincinnati Gazette.

## A QUEER NAVAL SCANDAL.

THE SERIOUS CHARGES THAT CONFRONT ADMIRAL PORTER.

Washington's choice bit of scandal just now concerns that old salt, Admiral Porter, who is charged with keeping Mrs. Wetmore, the wife of one of his subordinate officers, as mistress; with making Wetmore pay the woman \$2,000 after he got a divorce from her; with being partner with government contractors while acting secretary of the navy, and with trying to sell infernal machines to the Germans during the Franco-Prussian war. The scandal got some airing some five years ago, when the Wetmores were suing for divorce in the courts, and showed Porter up as a conceited coxcomb and gay Lothario, but it is made much more prominent now by the war Wetmore is making on the Admiral to recover the \$2,000 he claims has been cheated out of him. Wetmore shows the document to back his story, which is quite circumstantial. He was recorder of the board of naval inspectors of which Porter was president, and had so little manhood that he allowed the Admiral to bully what part of his month's pay out of him he was pleased to turn over to the divorced wife. When Wetmore lost the position of recorder also, he was plucky enough to take another at the old tar's hands, and pay him for getting it, though Wetmore had got divorced from his wife because of her infidelities with Porter, and knew that they still kept up their intimacy. Nay, more, Wetmore made a cat's-paw of himself to sell the Germans the torpedoes Porter wanted to dispose of for use against the French, having already made money himself out of naval contracts got through Porter's influence, though this project seems to have fallen through because the Prussian minister would not "plank down" the money to take Wetmore to Berlin to complete the negotiations. The letters Wetmore shows seems as damaging to Porter's reputation as some of those in the Beecher-Tilton trial, but it is significant that the injured husband's sense of his wrongs and of the Admiral's infamy was not aroused till Porter was no longer able to furnish him with a government position, but used his influence instead to keep him out of a place.

## Eli Perkins.

We copy the following from the News and Courier: It is hardly worth while to go about proving Eli Perkins to be a liar, but it may be as well to confirm the accepted belief on this head as often as occasion requires.

Having lied, as usual, in reporting pretended interview with Senator Cameron, in which he referred to Mr. Gunnison as being present, and, of his own knowledge, confirming what was said on that occasion, Mr. Perkins was brought up with a short turn by both Senator Cameron's and Mr. Gunnison's published denial of all he had charged them with saying. Mr. Perkins has recently reaffirmed the statements made by him in the first instance, and the following letter from Mr. Gunnison, in reply to one from Mr. Hampton, Jr., is now in order:

NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1878.

Wade Hampton, Jr.:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your letter written several days ago. I presume, long before this reaches you, you will have read my denial of the report of "Eli Perkins" as furnished by him to the New York Sun. I regret that it has been the occasion of any unpleasant feelings, particularly at this time.

Allow me to congratulate you on the improved condition of your father's health.

I believe "Eli Perkins" does not bear a very enviable reputation among newspaper men for the correctness of his reports.

Extending to you the compliments of the season, I am fraternally yours,  
E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

The oldest inhabitant, as he comes forward these mornings for his little tot, tries hard to smile and look unconcerned, as he tells you that this weather is not at all cold compared with that which he remembers to have experienced in the winter of 1769; but the snags of the oldest inhabitant chatter with cold as he tells you about it, and he can't look you straight in the eye. The oldest inhabitant lies.

## Judge Lynch in Nebraska.

"This is the twenty-sixth murder trial over which I have presided," said Judge Gastlin, "and the crime is the most atrocious of them all. The jury might properly have brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree." The jury, however, had only convicted the prisoners, Jackson and Martin, of murder in the second degree. This was a surprise to the people of Nebraska city, and the indignation was so great that the jurors and the lawyers for the defense were threatened with violence on their way home. Jackson and Martin had deliberately killed an old man in his bed for the purpose of robbery. Preparations to lynch them were conducted with secrecy. A meeting was held in an engine house, where the matter was talked over and the chief executioners chosen. At night a masked mob went to the jail, carrying a heavy timber, which they used as a battering-ram to break down the door. The prisoners began to dress themselves on hearing the noise, and submitted without a word of protest, when their executioners entered, to having their arms pinioned. They were led to a large tree near the jail. There was only rope enough to hang one at a time. A noose was placed first around Martin's neck, and he was ordered to pray: "Lord, have mercy on my poor murderous soul!" He objected to the wording of the prayer, but his spiritual adviser was inexorable, and would permit no alteration. Jackson laughed heartily at that, and his merriment lasted all the while that Martin was dangling. He changed his mind after his own neck was noosed; and his last words were curses. No move has been made toward punishing the lynchers, and the local journalist says that their action is approved in the community.

## The Capital of a Good Name.

How true it is that a good name is capital in itself. Such a capital, like every solid accumulation, is not built in a day, but is the result of years of continuance in well-doing. No man can hope, by a spirit of good nature or honorable dealings to acquire an enviable reputation, which is implied in the possession of "a good name." Little things done and observed in a series of years, the trifles of which life is made up, if done conscientiously, are what contribute to the result, and win for a man the confidence of his fellows; and when one has thus acquired this good name, men seek him in business, rely on his word, and prefer his goods. Such a capital is within the reach of the poorest. It commands confidence, and helps one in securing all that is desirable in life, and as it is not to be acquired without delay, does not depend upon birth or influence for its attainment. It is wonderful so many prefer to travel by crooked ways, which, though they may seem short cuts to success, do not lead in that direction at all.

## Terrible Prediction.

The fact that so many fish are dying off the coast of Florida call to mind the awful prediction of Prof. Knapp. From the juxtaposition of certain planets to our earth, he predicts that one-half of the population of the world, including man and all kinds of animals, and even vegetable life, will perish before or during the year 1880. In a lecture delivered several years ago, he said that this desolation would commence by the fishes of the sea dying, and pestilence and famine occurring in more southern latitudes. The famine in China and yellow fever scourge in the South, and now the fearful pestilence among the fishes in southern waters, are so many steps in the fulfillment of Prof. Knapp's prophecies.

## The Last Negro Congressman.

Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, it is said, will probably be the only negro in the 46th Congress and once he gets out, he'll stay out, and as the "poor negro" has only the newspaper and election sympathy of their northern friends, Bruce will probably be the last colored man in Congress. And yet in 1870, there were nine there; in 1872, the number was reduced to seven; in 1874, to four; in 1876, to three; and in 1879, the prospect is that there will be but one, and after that one comes out, it is probable that there will never be another to represent the colored race.

## SUICIDE FROM SHAME.

A NEGRO PUBLICLY WHIPPED IN VIRGINIA BLOWS OUT HIS BRAINS.

NOFOLK, Dec. 27.—One of the strangest of tragic occurrences took place at Blackburn, in upper Nansemond county, yesterday morning, which shows up the negro character in a new and extraordinary light. Moses Ford, who was employed as a laborer on the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, was arrested for stealing ten dollars' worth of property from a farmer. The judge of the neighborhood soon ascertained his guilt, and speedily sentenced him to receive thirty-nine lashes at the public whipping post, which is the usual penalty in the commonwealth for petty larceny. The punishment was duly inflicted by the constable, and at its termination Ford exhibited the wildest emotion, and left with the greatest indignation for home. A deep sense of mortification seemed to settle upon him, and he was perfectly overwhelmed.

He spoke to his mother calmly, without mentioning the shame to which he had been subjected, and called for his gun. His mother handed him the weapon, when he repaired to the back yard, out of the sight of the members of his family, and placing the muzzle of the gun to his forehead, pulled the trigger with his foot. His agitation caused the charge to miss, and he stood uninjured. He deliberately readjusted the piece, and again, this time with fatal effect, a large part of the skull was blown away and his brains scattered over the ground, presenting a most revolting and ghastly spectacle. An inquest was held by the coroner, as the law provides.

This startling ending of a simple public whipping causes considerable feeling in the neighborhood. There is a growing sentiment in Virginia against the whipping post, and this result will materially add to its unpopularity.

## A Landlord's Mistake.

A few days ago, during one of his rounds through his palatial hotel, the landlord of a Chicago hotel entered a room suddenly and discovered a widower washer busily engaged in reading a newspaper. Being very active himself, he had no use for a lazy man, or one who slights his work. He discharged the washer on the spot, and ordered him to go to the office for his pay. The man obeyed, got his money, went to his room on the upper floor, arrayed himself in his Sunday suit, packed up his duds, and descended to the servants' apartment to take leave of his former associates. About this time Mr. Palmer entered, but didn't recognize his quondam employee in his store clothes.

"Here, my man, get a look at though there was good work in you; do you want a job?"

The ex-washer, somewhat surprised, admitted that he stood in need of one.

"Can you wash windows?"

The man allowed that he could.

"Well," said Mr. Palmer, "I've just discharged a man who had been doing that sort of work. I paid him only \$20 a month, but if you will take the place and go right to work I'll pay you \$22."

The position was quietly accepted and in half an hour the discharged employee was scrubbing away in the same old room.

## Show Up, or Shut Up.

The National Republican says that when Governor Hampton visited Charleston during the last campaign, in the course of his canvassing tour, (Collector) Baldwin actually placed at the disposal of himself and his stump-speakers a revenue cutter, which was employed by them on a tour around the harbor, enjoying the richest viands at the Collector's expense. This is a falsehood. The only steamer used by Governor Hampton and the canvassers was private property and duly chartered and paid for. The revenue cutter at Charleston has been used for political canvassing, but this was when General Worthington was collector, and the canvassers were ex-Governor Chamberlain and others. The Republican says that its statement is vouched for by a prominent citizen of Charleston. If so, it can relieve its responsibility for a lie by promptly giving his name.—News and Courier.